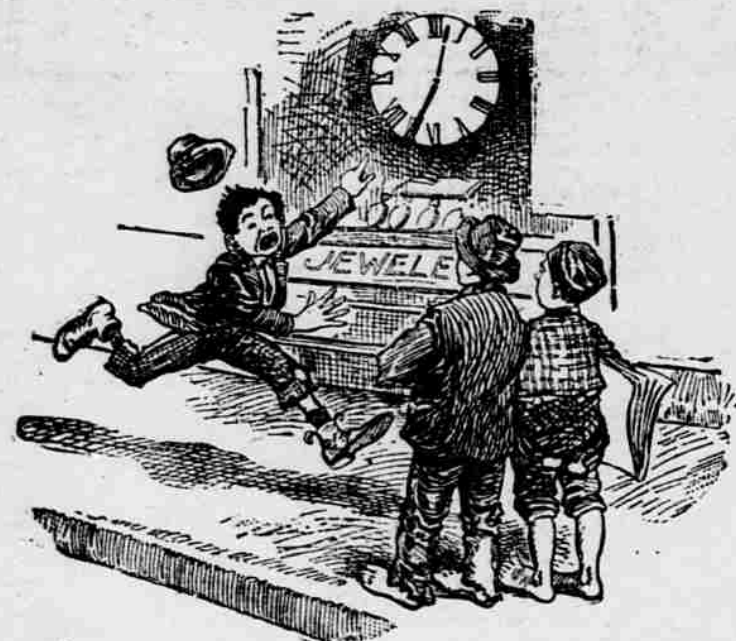


"A LITTLE HUMOR NOW AND THEN," ETC.



He: "Jack was out last night, and this morning he was looking as disreputable as Poe's raven."
 She: "What was disreputable about Poe's raven?"
 He: "Why, wasn't he forever on a bust?"

—Truth.



Terrence McTigue: "Hurry up, fellows. Fly wit' me. I'm bound for de subtreasury building. I heard a bloke say dat silver would be free at 16 to 1, and it's 25 to 1 now."

—New York Sunday World.

THE WATERMELON LIFE BOAT ON THE SUWANEE RIVER.



Bella—I wonder why Miss Wheeler don't wear bloomers.
 Donna—Lack of understanding, I suppose.

Clever Detective Work.

"I got a complaint to make, an' I want to make it good an' strong," said the colored man in good clothes to the young lawyer. "I wants to sue dis city for damages enough to keep me de rest ob my natural life."
 "What's the trouble?" asked the lawyer.
 "Lots ob trouble. Any 'mount ob it. Mah wife she gits a party an' prints on de invitations, 'Dancing, 7 to 11,' an' dese beah fool detectives gits hold ob dese ob de kyands an' reads de '7-11' on it, an' de address, an' sends a whole wagonload o' police down dah to pull de place fer a crap joint."—Indianapolis Journal.

She Profitted.

The sound of the door closing behind him felt like a knell.
 "Come back!" she shrieked.
 The echo of her own voice mocked her.
 "Come back!"
 Her cry smote the empty air and was lost.
 "Perhaps—"
 She bowed to the decree of fate.
 "—It is better thus."
 Upon closer inspection she had discovered that the umbrella he left was silk and not alpaca, after all.—Springfield Republican.

The Golden Rule.

"No," said the railroad president, reflectively. "I don't think corporations are vindictive. I could name twenty men who a few years ago were denouncing monopolies in general and our road in particular, but we never injured any of them for it."
 "You didn't?" inquired his friend.
 "No, on the contrary, we sent some of them to Congress and some to the legislature, and they all have free passes."—Puck.

In Prospect.

Office Boy—Mr. Vansmith was in while you were out. He wants to get a chattel mortgage drawn.
 Female Lawyer (excitedly)—Will he call again?
 Office Boy—He said he would.
 Female Lawyer—Thank heaven. Now I'll find out what that stuck-up Mr. Vansmith really has in her house.—Up-to-Date.

A Self-Evident Truth.

Mrs. Welluent (bestowing a dime)—Poor fellow! You say your wife and family are starving—where are they?
 Weary Willy—They are boardin' at a summer hotel, lady.—Puck.

It Depends.

First Wheelman—I believe bicycles are to be used extensively in the United States Army. I think it is a good idea, don't you?
 Second Wheelman—Which make?—Puck.

At the Seance.

The Medium—I am in communication with the spirit of the deceased Mr. Bonomo. Does any one wish to ask him a question?
 A Voice—Is it hot enough for you?—Puck.

By the Sea.

She—I cannot marry you.
 He—But you will grant one request?
 She—What is it?
 He—Will you recognize me in the city?—Puck.

A Porcine Proverb.

The Cow—I should think you would prefer the green fields to the miserable sty.
 The Hog—Nonsense. The pen is mightier than the sword.—New York World.

On Board Ship.

Pitkin—Brace up, old boy. Seasickness can be thrown off if you only think so.
 Shipson—Do you—see—any—on—throwing it off—faster than I am?

As Advertised.

Bobby (to druggist)—Your sign says "Soda water; all the flavors, five cents."
 Druggist (engagingly)—Yes; which do you wish?
 Bobby (promptly)—I want 'em all.—Puck.



"Tuning the Lyre."

THERE'S NO TELLING.

Not Much Ice.

Mrs. Bresham—I know a man who doesn't cut much ice.
 Bresham—My dear, you are using slang!
 Mrs. Bresham—Well, I don't care if I am; just notice the size of that piece he gave me for 10 cents.—Puck.

THE OLD MAN SLIPPED HIS PEDAL.



Farmer Drinkum—Gosh, but this 'ere is hot stuff.



What! snakes already, and hoop snakes in the bargain.



They're real, too, because I'm cuttin' 'em up all right.



Oh, papa, my new bicycle tires! Boohoo!

His Seaside Ring.

"Why is it that you let Miss Billings so severely alone? You have been devoted to nearly every other girl in the hotel, but you seem to have some sort of aversion to her." The young man in the blazer shook his head sadly.
 "Nice girl," he said sadly; "but she won't do at all."
 "But why not?"
 "She's too big."
 "Too big? How?"
 "She won't fit my stock engagement ring, and I can't afford to keep two this year."—Chicago Post.

How It Happened.

Weary Willy—Lady, I wuz wantin' a prosperous merchant; I had a luxurious home, an' honorable name, an' ten bloomin' an' highly educated daughters.
 Mrs. Welluent—What brought you to poverty?
 Weary Willy—My daughters insisted on marrying highly-educated men, an' I had ter support ten families.—Puck.

Right in Fashion.

"Nevertheless, Madame," persisted Charon, "your ticket reads plainly for Hades."
 The shade of the Plump Woman tossed its head.
 "Oh, well," it sneered, "butterfly bows are sweeter than wings, anyway."—Detroit Tribune.

Had Not Come Out.

"What are your politics, my man?" asked the portly visitor of the prisoner behind the bars of the penitentiary.
 "Well," replied the latter, hesitatingly, "I haven't come out for anybody yet."—Buffalo Times.

Just Like a Bicycle.

She—Do you know this bicycle reminds me so much of you?
 He—How is that?
 She—I always have such a dickens of a time getting it started.—Cleveland Leader.

Skinner Was Smooth.

Hax—I always shake hands with Skinner to keep him from picking my pockets.
 Jax—So do I; and I always count my fingers afterward.—Philadelphia Record.

Would Take Anything.

"Our statesmen," yelled the orator, "are about to take steps."
 "You bet they'll take 'em," cried the professional cynic, "if they ain't nallied down."—Indianapolis Journal.

An Example.

Mrs. Jimsmith—George, what does "carte blanche" mean?
 Jimsmith—It refers to the way a man feels when he has got \$25 in his pocket and his wife has gone away for a week.—Buffalo Express.

Saved.

"Yes, Dr. Dobbs saved my husband's life when he had typhoid fever."
 "How did he do it?"
 "Ran a lawn mower up and down outside the window and threw him into a profuse perspiration."—Chicago Record.

An Up-to-Date Store.

"I want a new hat in the very latest style."
 "Please sit down for a few minutes. The fashion is just about to change."—Texas Sifter.

Most of Them Sufferers.

Mrs. Grampsey—Why do nearly all the people cry at weddings?
 Grampsey—Because most of them have been married themselves.—Detroit Free Press.

All Honorable.

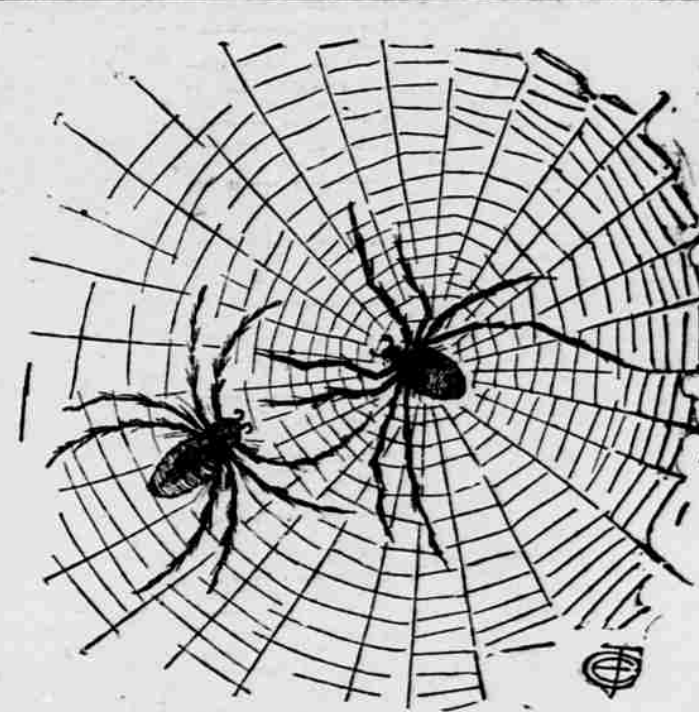
"I wonder why they are called maids of honor?"
 "It must be because they are expected to be too honorable to try to flirt with the groom."—Truth.



"Stands High in His Class."

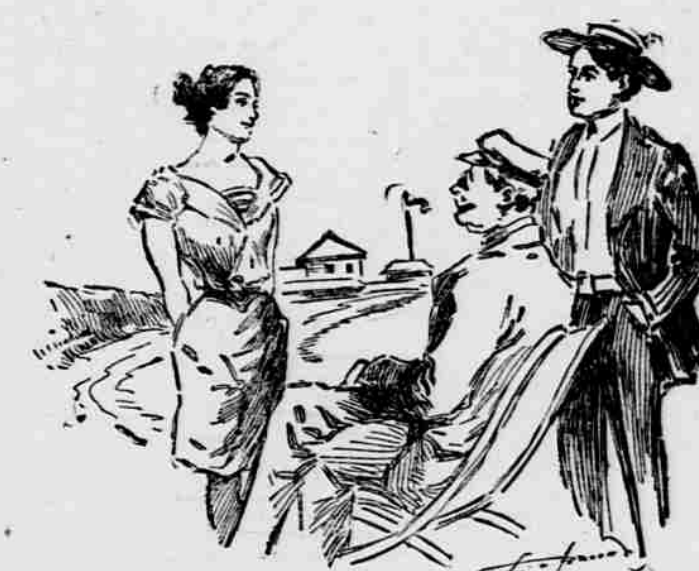


Smith—Walter, this is an awfully small plate of ice cream.
 Walter—Yes, sir. It was made from condensed milk.



First Spider—I would make a good ball player.
 Second Spider—Why?
 First Spider—I'm great on catching flies.

A COLD TREAT.



Tillie—He treated me coldly.
 Uncle Billie—Have you two been to that ice cream saloon again?

HE FOUND OUT.



1—Prof. Cranberry Bogg—What kind of fish are you catching, Johnnie?



2—Johnnie—Smeltin.